But giue your Pidgions to the Emprour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?
Clowne. I sir.
Titus. Then here is a supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first aproach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then look for your reward.
Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it bra[u]elie.
Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.
Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.
Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*
Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords, what wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

Of

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were:
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
He'le so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and scard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow would'st thou speake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.

28 – skard 32 anchor